

7/6
STINCHCOMB-HILL,

P O E M:

OR, THE

P R O S P E C T.



By the Reverend Mr. *EDWARD PICKERING RICH*,
of *North-Cerney, Gloucestershire*.

L O N D O N:

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TO the TRULY VIRTUOUS

Mrs. A. C H A M B E R S.

M A D A M,

THE following Rhymes were wrote under Your immediate Influence, for, if You remember, my Table was Your Knee; we had no sooner viewed the delightful Prospect of Stinchcomb-Hill in Gloucestershire, but You, with an agreeable Smile, commanded me to write something on it, which I immediately comply'd with, and wrote the following Piece; in which, if there is any Thing that can please a Lady of Your nice distinguishing Taste, ascribe it all to Your all-inspiring Beauty; and, when I flag, kindly believe I was spent in Gazing on the too dazzling Glory of Your bright Sun-like Beauty. The kind Approbation it met with from You, and a few other Ladies of the highest Distinction and Fortune, makes

B

it

*it appear in public : Therefore, I will make no
Apology, since You are pleased to like it ; You, that I
was always glad to please, smile on my well-meant
Essay, and accept the Poetical Endeavours of Your*

Sincere *Inamorato*, and

Most Obedient Servant,

EDWARD PICKERING RICH.

STINCHCOMB-



STINCHCOMB-HILL,

^A
P O E M, &c.



F you, ye virtuous Fair, will fire my

Breast,

And patronize my Muse, by Love

distress'd ;

Henceforth I will commence a Priest of Fame,

And never tremble at a Critic's Name.

Fair *Amaryllis*, we'll a While retire,

From the low *Villa*, where the Hills aspire ;

Where

Where the high Mountains emulate the Sky,
 And Prospects wide and various charm the Eye.
 Not *Alpine* Hills such glorious Scenes can show,
 Tho' *Rome* and all its Splendor lay below :
 Tho' boasted *Tyber* drew its wat'ry Store,
 With mazy Error thro' that classic Shore :
 Nor old *Olympus*, sung so oft in Lays,
 Can justly merit so sincere a Praise,
 As *Stinchcomb's* tow'ring Height, that soaring Hill,
 That does with Wonder all Spectators fill.
 Observe, bright Maid, and ope your glorious Eyes,
 And see the Prospects regularly rise.
 First ken yon ^a Mountains eminently high,
 Which scorn the lower World, and mount the Sky ;

^a Mountains in *Wales*.

Where the old *Britons*, as they proudly go,
 Look down with Trembling at the Deep below.
 There, with a dismal melancholy Roar,
 The raging Waters lash the founding Shore ;
Severn 'tis call'd by all Historic Fame,
h. B. Driest
 From ~~drowned~~ *Sabrina* it deriv'd its Name :
 Here *Berkley's* antiquated ^b Dome ascends,
 And worn with Age most venerably bends ;
 There erst a ^c King, as Chronicles relate,
 Met with his cruel melancholy Fate.

Look where the Sun his glorious Beams displays,
 And scatters gloriously his glittering Rays,
 O'er yonder Tow'rs and Pinnacles that rise,
 Brightly refulgent to the neighb'ring Skies ;

^b Lord *Berkley's* Castle.

^c King *Edward* murdered here.

In that fair Vale the lovely City stands,
At once our Wonder and our Praise commands,
Gloucester eclypt.

A College there magnificently grand,
Built by some wond'rous Artist's wond'rous Hand ;
Where if two Lovers lend an amorous Ear,
Widely divided, whisper and yet hear.

2 B.

Leave now the City, and then turn your Eyes,
Where Sylvan Scenes and Rural Prospects rise ;
Promiscuous Villa's scatter'd here and there,
In artless Beauty innocently fair ;
Their pleasant Meadows in a chearful Green
Delight the Eyes, and drive away the Spleen.
But that's not all, that we do much out-do
All other Countries, for a length'ning View :

A Whispering Gallery.

2 B. Thus Pyramus and Thisbe were remov'd That
By Hard Partition whisper'd till they lov'd.

~~That we the World in Prospect will extend,~~

~~And high above the rest our' off the Ball:~~

But then our ^{Nymphs} ~~Balls~~ are so exceeding bright,

That all around they cast a glorious Light;

They sing They Dance wth unaffected Mien
~~They're unaffected with their pretty Mien~~

Of Innocence and Beauty, Rural Queens.

Tho' now in general I have sung the Fair,

Yet one above the rest my choicest Care;

So in a charming starry glittering Night,

When every Star then glitters in our Sight,

Yet all agree the Moon's the softer Light.

So *Amaryllis*, so, my brighter Maid,

When you appear, all other Beauties fade;

Fain would I strive your wond'rous Charms to paint,

But Words can't speak 'em, and Description's faint:

A Goddess'

A Goddess' Form let Gods alone express,
 For who are fit to draw it, who are less --?
 Oh! that I'd *Mylton's* Style, that Heav'nly Song,
 To you, bright Maid, such Verses do belong!
 Then would I give the World a glimmering View
 Of wond'rous Virtues center'd all in you.
 My Muse, sweet Maid, bids us the Hill descend,
 And warns me ~~for us~~ ^{best} hasten to the End:
 Therefore, accept my careful Conduct down,
 From the high Summit to your humbler Town:
 So the first Pair were forc'd to leave behind
 Their dear lost *Eden*, with reluctant Mind.

F I N I S.